

LIZZIE B. RAYMOND'S BIG SONG HIT!

HE CERTAINLY WAS GOOD TO ME



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Yours Very Respect
Lizzie B. Raymond

SONGSTER

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HE CERT'NY WAS GOOD TO ME

Copyright, 1896, by William Pilling. English copyright secured.

Words by Jean C. Havez. Music by A. B. Sloane.

Jes' gimme pience o' paper, gwine to mak-a mah will,
Gwine to leab all ma money to ma sweetheart a-Bill,
When de odder niggahs fool aroun' uh gib 'em all a shove,
For dere's only one black man dat I luv,
I had anoder papa, but I shook him a-quick,
For I heard about a-how he had a sweetheart, thick,
When dey comes aronn' a-courtin' all I says is "Don't annoy,"
Gwine to stick right close to ma honey boy!

CHORUS.

For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
When I was sick he paid ma bill,
I loves dat man an' I always will,
For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me,
I love dat coon an' I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

Ma sweetheart got arrested 'bout a week ago,
An' he lost all his money on de police row,
So I sent him down de money an' dey let him out again,
Nebber git my black boy in de pen,
Last night I done a-wanted some a-chicken a-stew.
An' I wanted it so bad I didn't know what to do,
When I said "I had no idea where to git de money at,"
He said "Niggah gal, doan' you worry 'bout dat."

CHORUS.

Oh, he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
He done come around wid a bar'l full of game,
I doan' know whar he got it, but I eat it jes' de same,
For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me,
I love dat coon an' I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

He took me out a-skatin' on de pond one night,
Not a cloud in de sky and the moon shone bright;
Done mention to mah baby not to handle me rough,
Ah's a little bit scared o' dat slippery stuff,
Done lef' me fer a moment fer to tie his skate,
Kep' a-tryin' mah best fer to stand up straight,
But I done a-wobble dis way and done a-wobble dat,
In less dan haf a minute didn't know where I was at.

CHORUS.

But he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me,
Done set down so hard I was bleeding at de nose,
But de niggah had liniment in his clothes,
And he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me,
I love dat coon and always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

He said to me look hyah, gal, dere's a niggah ball to-night,
En lse a-gwine to take you, but you doan' want ter fight,
Las' time you done went out wid me you beat Miss Mandy Brown,
If you does it any moah lse goin' to throw you down,
I said I would be good and wot my Sunday clo's,
But the niggahs go to fighten as dey always does,
Miss Brown she done mention I was poor trash from de South,
And mah foot it had to be detached from out de lady's mouth.

CHORUS.

But my baby was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me;
At fust he said he'd shake me, 'cause I pased Mandy Brown,
Den he dug up rot'y dollars for to get me out of town,
And he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me;
I love dat coon and I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

ONLY A LITTLE YALLER COON

Copyright, 1896, by E. Clark Reed. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

Dah's a mighty heap ob trouble
Brewin' down in Tennessee,
And it's all about a little yaller coon.
Now dis little pickaninny
Was as black as he could be
On de mornin' he was born, de fust ob June.
Now de cause ob dis commotion
Was de fact dat ober night,
Exactly on de fullness ob de moon,
Dat dis little pickaninny
Changed his skin from black to white,
In de morn dey found a little yaller coon.

CHORUS.

Sleeping by the fire, in his mammy's arms,
While she sings to him this tune:
Honey, don't yer cry, wipe yer shiny eye,
You'se gwine to be a little yaller coon.
Nebber mind yer color if yer heart ain't black,
Better days am comin' soon;
Wipe yer shiny eye, you'll always live and die
Only just a little yaller coon.

Eb'ry darkey in de county
Came to see de wond'rous sight
When dey heard about dis little yaller coon;
And dey rolled dere eyes to heaben,
And declared he would be white,
'Cause his skin changed at de fullness ob de moon,
But at last his mammy stated
That she had a pow'ful fright,
On de evenin' dat dis little coon was born,
For an old white rooster warned her
By his crowin' in de night,
Dat her honey boy would be a yaller coon.—Chorus.



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LOOK OUT DAR DOWN BELOW

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. B. Gray & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Williams & Walker.

Come here, little children, and I am gwine to tell to you
'Bout a story dat am very, very true,
It was just along in 'possum time, when all de colored folks were trying
To lay up fat and bacon 'gainst de storm.
I had a 'possum up de tree, and de way dat rascal grinned at me,
You could tell dat he knew trouble was around;
But when I got up in de tree, I made a grave mistake, you see,
And sawed de limb between de tree and me.

CHORUS.

I hollered "Look out dar down below,"
Fo' something got to drop, you know;
But I never least suspected,
Dat I'd been the one selected,
But I found out soon's de limb let go.

When I woke and looked around, I found myself upon de ground,
And de 'possum scamp'ring to another tree;
Dat my feeling was distressed, dey can hardly be expressed,
I felt just like a chicken fricassee;
Now, children, dat will show to you a maxim dat am always true,
To always look around before you leap;
Or else you find yourself, you see, just like de 'possum, tree and me,
And land down at de bottom in a heap.—Chorus.

DE POSSUM-A-LA

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Harry Ward.

The very latest thing we now will dance and sing,
If a coon is lazy, he'll go crazy, both his feet he'll fling;
It started 'way down South, but now it reaches far,
And all de nigs are dancing it, 'tis called de Possum-a-la.

CHORUS.

First thing you do is a graceful pose,
Then raise your right foot high as your nose,
Cut a chicken's head off, den you pass,
Bow to yourself in de lookin' glass;
Three steps backward, salute your Ma,
Over to de left, then catch a 'lectric car;
All you niggers, cut dem fingers,
Dar's de Possum-a-la.

De high-toned coons all know de elegant style they show,
All de swell coon waiters, hot potatoes, to de gals bow low;
Just leave dat razor home, and throw dem crap-dice far,
De coonjine am not in it, when you dance de Possum-a-la.

CHORUS.

Slide to de right, put your hand on your head,
Make a thousand-dollar lick, do de pigeon tread,
Trot on your toes, now hush your talk,
Ain't dat coon got a noble walk?
Spin on your heels, do de bombabay,
Glide to de front, go up dat way,
Don't get sickly, end it quickly,
Dar's de Possum-a-la.

I AIN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Robert & O'Brien.

While walking down an alley last Tuesday afternoon,
My best girl was insulted by a dead tough-looking coon;
I started for that Jim Brown, I never was afraid,
But when I tried to call him down he pulled a razor blade.

CHORUS.

Well, I ain't lookin' for trouble, I didn't even smile;
Of course, I was uneasy, just for a little while;
As I was in a hurry and had to catch a train,
I only had four minutes, but I caught it just the same.

To-day I met my lady, I asked her for her hand,
She said, "Go 'way, you dead-card! I have got a bran-new man."
I said, "I love you, baby, I'd surely die for thee."
She said, "You go and lick Jim Brown and prove your love for me."—Chorus.
I got an invitation to play a poker game,
One hand I held four aces, in my next hand just the same;
A coon said I was cheating, I told him that he lied,
And when I went to take the cash, a great big gun I spied.—Chorus.

Arabella Jones, Will You Accept My Hand?

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. B. Gray & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Williams & Perrin.

There's a lovely little lady, who is just a trifle shady,
When I think of her it drives away the blues;
I have gained the admiration of all of her relations,
And I'm pretty sure I'll be the coon she choose.
I am loaded with devotion, and I've got a mighty notion
Just to ask Miss Jones if she would like to wed;
Now I'm gwine to write a letter, as there's nothing I know better,
And I'm sure she'll love me after she has read:

CHORUS.

Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?
To me you are the sweetest little girl I know;
Goodness! how I love you, honey, you can handle all my money,
If you'll let me be your steady beau.
Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?
I'll dress you up in silks and satins, rich and grand,
Honey! try some way to use me, don't for goodness sake refuse me,
Arabella Jones, will you accept my hand?

I'm a little out of humor, 'cause of late there was a rumor
That some yaller coon is sparking on the sly;
Now I hate to start a fracas, I fear the fact will make us
Fight each other till one of us has to die.
Now I hear this coon's a fighter, and between us, he's the brighter,
But his hair is just a trifle better'n mine;
And if Arabella's willing, there will be a nigger killing,
For in my letter these words I see gwine to sign:—Chorus.

There's No One Too Poor to Be Kind

Copyright, 1894, by D. Miller. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Kitty Rampone.

Down town, amid the bustle of the city's busy strife,
Down town, in front of dear old Trinity,
A poor old beggar woman in the sunset of her life
Asked alms that she might ease her misery.
A newsboy dropped a penny in the woman's feeble hand,
The action caught a Wall Street broker's eye,
Unto the lad he said, I'm sure you're just as poor as she,
The little newsboy then made this reply:

CHORUS.
There's no one too poor to be kind,
Though many may not have much money;
For the heart long ago was designed
To help to make other hearts sunny.
Though the coat may be worn and the pockets all torn,
A way to help oft you may find,
To the one who is down, give a smile, not a frown,
There's no one too poor to be kind.

The broker dropped a dollar in the beggar woman's lap,
Then pressed another in the newsboy's hand,
He then went to his office, where he met a luckless man,
To whom he had loaned money on his land.
"I cannot pay the interest on the mortgage, sir, to-day;
I hope you'll not foreclose," thus said the man.
The broker, touched by what the little newsboy said, replied;
"Don't worry, you may pay it when you can."—Chorus.

KATHLEEN

Copyright, 1894, by Helene Mora.
Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
Just the finest young lady on earth;
A gem of the very first water,
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;
I met her beneath the green bower;
I kissed her and liked it so well;
She blushed like the fairest of flowers
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.
Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;
Mid shady lane and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;
They've a neat little farm of their own;
Her father he digs his own prattles,
And they live in the County Tyrone;
For miles 'round our Kathleen is famous—
Good looks and good nature serene;
'Tis there she is always acknowledged
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—Chorus.

We are going to get married next Sunday,
And the old folks will give us away;
The bells in the church will be ringing,
And the boys and the girls will be gay;
As sure as the stars are above us,
My Kathleen will ever be true;
And as from the church we are coming,
All the boys and the girls shout hurroo.—Chorus.

In Old Madrid

Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by H. Tietere.

Long years ago, in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star!
There on the casement ledge when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face looked out, as from the river shore
There stole a tender serenade!
Rang the lover's happy song,
Light and low, from shore to shore,
But ah! the river flowed along
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

Far, far away from old Madrid
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent veil those eyes hid,
And all the vows that love had sighed were vain!
But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand opens the lattice wide,
The faint sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide!
Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore,
Though flows a stream than all more strong
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

Her Memory Brings Me No Regret

Copyright, 1895, by Frank Harding. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Howard Graham. Music by Chas. Graham.

Love's early dream has passed away, forever gone, too sweet to stay;
The memory of a bygone day is all that's left to comfort me.
One face I see before me yet, with sparkling eyes and curls of jet,
My sweetheart's face, as first we met—her memory brings me no regret.

REFRAIN.
Her memory brings me no regret, although our sun of love has set;
She loved me once, I can't forget; her memory brings me no regret.
As years go by, the thought that she has loved me once will be to me
A consolation sweet, tho' we could never wed, thro' Fate's decree.
Sometimes I wish we'd never met, and still I know I love her yet;
Tho' parted now, I can't forget—her memory brings me no regret.—Ref.

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THE CAMP'S SWEET SINGER

Copyright, 1893, by I. H. Ascherfeld. Words and Music by I. H. Ascherfeld.

A soldier boy lay dying near a Cuban battle field,
While shades of night around were falling fast,
From break of day 'till setting sun the shot and shell had rained,
But now o'er all a hush had come at last;
His flag had won the battle and the troops had left the field,
None knowing he lay wounded, 'neath the trees.
The cool night air revived him, and altho' his end was near,
This song to us was wafted by the breeze:

REFRAIN.
God bless my sweetheart, far, far away,
Tell her our colors have carried the day,
Tell her her prayers and the kiss that she gave,
Have given me courage to fight and be brave.

We hurried out to find him, for we lov'd this soldier well,
He had been the camp's sweet singer, aye, was singing when he fell;
O how many times he'd cheered us when our hearts were faint & sad,
By his tuneful, soulful singing of the songs that made us glad,
He would sing his Master's praises, or would sing of homes so dear,
He could move the stony-hearted, and e'en make him shed a tear.
His life had been all music, had he sorrow, joy or pain;
And even as it left him, he was singing this refrain:

REFRAIN.
Bid her not sorrow, give her my love,
Tell her that God will unite us above,
And there we'll be joyful, and join, as of yore,
In songs of glad praise unto Him we adore.

SISTER MARY JANE'S TOP NOTE

Copyright, 1896, by Chappell & Co. All rights reserved.
Words by F. Bowyer. Music by Ivan Caryll.

The sheet music of this song (words and music complete) is published by Boosey & Co., Music Publishers, 9 East 17th Street, New York. Price 50 cents.

Some people have the money, and others have the brains,
But lots would like to have a voice like Sister Mary Jane's;
Your Patti and Albani in the rear must take a seat,
For penetrating quality you'll find it hard to beat;
Some say it's a soprano, but we're not quite sure of that,
She's one top note, a beauty, like the shrieking of a cat;
It's known to all the neighbors who reside around our way,
And when they think Jane's going to sing, they to each other say:

REFRAIN.
Sit back! hold tight! Mary's going to sing!
She's going to try again to crack her throat!
It stops the birds a-singing, and it sets the bells a-ringing,
Sister Mary Jane's top note!

She joined a class for singing, but she never said a word
About her only top note, such a thing they never heard;
She let it go one evening, and the organist, poor man,
Went flying through the window, and away like mad he ran.
It twisted all the organ pipes, and the boy who blew the wind
Got jammed into the bellows' hole, and left his boots behind,
But Mary sat so saintly, for the poor girl didn't know,
She cleared her throat to sing again, but ev'ry one said "Wo!"—Refrain.
She sang at the Aquarium, and all the people fled;
The manager went 'round and found that all the fish were dead;
The band, nor the conductor, never since a word have spoke,
They're all quite deaf, and out of work, with their tympanums broke,
It don't hurt sister Mary, for she likes it, it appears,
But when we think she's going to chirp, we all stop up our ears;
If a train is slow in starting, she will give a little cough,
Bang! goes Mary's top note, and they all say, "Now we're off!"—Ref.

They stopped poor Mary singing, when the neighbors all could hear,
So she took the train to Southend, just to practice on the pier;
She cleared her throat—then let it go with wonderful effect,
The machines all dropped to pieces and the pleasure-boats got wrecked.
It tore the sails to ribbons, and the sea-gulls couldn't quack,
The tide went out, and people say it's never coming back.
When Mary goes to Southend now, the folks keep off the pier,
The niggers only sing one song, and this is what you hear:—Refrain.

CLANCY'S MISTAKES

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and music by John Tierney.

Mike Clancy lost the job he had two weeks ago to-night,
Soon after that he asked me if I'd anything in sight;
I got him on a street car, as conductor thro' the day,
He bought a brand new uniform and started right away;
They made him watch the crossings, and the names of streets call out,
And information gather from the signs along the route;
While passing by a corner he a billiard parlor spied,
He pulled the bell, the gripman stopped, and Clancy loudly cried:

CHORUS.
Billiards and Pool Street, Clancy hollered out,
The people never heard that street before, along the route;
He saw a lamp-post painted red, and as the car drew nigher,
He got excited, pulled the bell, and loudly yelled out "Fire!"

When Clancy got back from the trip, the foreman he got rash,
He collared Clancy by the neck and took away the cash;
He fired Mike out thro' the door, 'twas much to his disgrace,
But very soon we heard that he had got another place;
'Twas in a retail dry-goods store, where he was "ladies' man,"
And ran the hose department on the European plan;
A lady called, she priced some stockings, while the boss stood nigh,
Then Clancy's bosom swelled with pride, he wanted to act fly.

CHORUS.
Silk ones, ten dollars, colors bright and gay;
"Oh, dear," she said, "but they come high; I'll not take them to-day."
The woman sized up Clancy, and said she, "I like your gall!"
"You can't blame me," says Clancy, "for you see you're awful tall."

Now bad luck seems to follow Mike, no matter where he goes,
He's always making funny breaks, as everybody knows;
He's made mistakes so often that the bosses all got tired,
And from each job that he has had, poor Mike, of course, was fired.
His dry-goods' man let up on him, but only for a while,
He told poor Mike to watch himself, and gave him one more trial;
The boss's wife came in one day to get some underwear,
And Clancy had to wait on her, no other clerk was there.

CHORUS.
"Walk this way, lady!" She said, "I can't.
Show me your summer underclothes, a favor to me grant!"
Then Clancy started to disrobe in front of all the store,
His trial comes off next Friday, he ain't working any more.

MY SOUTH CA'LINA ROSE

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By Prince & Harris.

When yo' wondah why yo' feel so gay,
When yo' heart am singin' all de day,
When yo' pulse am all a-tingle,
An' yo' banjo full of jingle,
An' the months all melt an' mingle into May;
When yo' joy 'om morn to twilight's close,
When yo' smile throughout yo' sweet repose,
Yo' will have to love a niggah
Wid de puffed face an' niggah
Of ma South Ca'lina Rose.

CHORUS.

For it's huh sugah kiss whah I finds ma bliss,
It's a way she laugh an' glance huh eye,
It's de toss in' head and an' de lips so red,
An' de sassy style she hold huh self so high,
It's a way she tease an' a way she please,
An' a shifty step no othah nigger knows;
Oh, dah nevah was a flowah to be found in any bowah
Like ma South Ca'lina Rose.—[Dance.]

Seems to me de sky's a richer blue,
Seems to me dat evah friend am true,
Dah's a beauty in de shivah
Of de moonbeams on de rivah,
An' de sunlight make me quivah through an' through;
Dah's a cha'm in evah place I goes,
Dah's de light in evah breeze 'at blows,
An' de reason am de neathness
An' de captivat'n sweetness
Of ma South Ca'lina Rose.—Chorus.

The Soldier's Bride

—OR—

Only a Sad, Sweet Memory.

Copyright, 1897, by N. E. Byers. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by E. Ninian.

She was a soldier's sweetheart, pure as the morning dew,
Home from the war to wed her, hastened the lover true,
Back to the field of conflict, duty bade him go;
Kissing his bride, he whispered, "Soldiers must fight, you know!"

REFRAIN.

Only a sad, sweet memory, darling, of bygone years,
Only a dream of you, dear, kissing away my tears; [light]
"A soldier's bride should not weep," you said, but how can my heart be
I've only a sad, sweet memory, darling, of you to-night.

Then came a tender message, saying his love was true,
Borne by a wounded comrade, these were his words to you,
"For our dear flag and freedom, love, I give my life;
Shed not a tear, remember you are a soldier's wife."—Refrain.

Shout the Tidings, Cuba's Free

Copyright, 1898, by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Shout aloud the joyful tidings over all the land,
Poor Cuba has been rescued from the tyrant's hand;
The joyful tidings echo over land and sea,
"Old Uncle Sam has set poor suffering Cuba free."

CHORUS.

Then shout the joyful tidings, suffering Cuba now is free,
Awake her sleeping heroes with the shout of victory;
They bought with blood her freedom, faltered not the price to pay;
Then shout the joyful tidings, suffering Cuba's free to-day.

Lift on high the flag of freedom, let it proudly wave
O'er ev'ry Cuban cottage, o'er the patriot's grave;
Let tyrants fear and tremble when her flag they see,
For Uncle Sam has set poor suffering Cuba free.—Chorus.

DON'T TAKE MY LITTLE HOME

Copyright, 1898, by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Is it true, kind stranger, I have just been told
That I will have to leave, this cottage has been sold.
Yes, the old log cabin; grandma, will be torn down,
And here for myself I will build a home, the finest in the town.

REFRAIN.

Don't take my little home, sir, pity a mother, pray;
Here I have lived since childhood, seventy years to-day.
My heart will break with sorrow, from this dear place to roam;
Don't turn me out in the street, kind sir, don't take my little home.

Here we played in childhood, brother dear and I,
Under the old oak tree, while summer days sped by;
In the chimney corner, near the log fire bright,
The cold winter days there we willed away, slept in the loft at night.—Ref.

In the village church-yard, 'neath a crumbling stone,
Loved ones have long been sleeping, I am all alone;
From the scenes of childhood, never I thought to roam,
For all in the world that is dear to me is this, my little home.—Refrain.



The Words and Music of either of the above
songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on
receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your
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EVERY NIGHT I SEE THAT NIGGER STANDIN' 'ROUND.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harris & Co. English copyright secured.
By Joseph Hart & W. H. Metcallette.

The worstest nigger that I know steals and gets into a row,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
He went down to a colored church, knocked the deacon off his perch,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
Went to a colored ball, one night, drew his razor, started a fight,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
In a policy shop did loudly shout, "I se gwine to clean dis 'ere place out!"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger walkin' 'round, talkin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

One moonlight night he left his stoop to go and visit a chicken coop,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Not a sound there could be heard, he said, "I se gwine to get that bird,"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
The man that owned that coop had a gun—Lordy, how that nig did run,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
You see that bird was that man's pet. I spees that nigger's runnin' yet,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—Chorus.

Got shaking craps with a lot of coons up in Reuben Snowball's rooms,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Those niggers wished he was in heaven, forev'ry shake he shook eleven,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Won all they had, but had to cheat—niggers chased him down the street,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Thro' an alley, my! but it was funny. He said, "I'll give you a run for
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—Chorus. [yer money!]"

BON JOUR

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harris & Co. English copyright secured.
Words by Harry R. Smith. Music by Ludwig Engländer.

Bon jour, bon jour, mes camarades!
Get out, get out and hold him, you fool!
Rejoiced to meet you all, I'm sure.
Confound that pesky, wretched mule,
Tho' I've been roaming in many a clime,
And been away for a deuce of a time,
'Tis joy to see you, my friends, once again,
'Tis joy to be home once more.
I'm deeply moved, I say I'm moved, extremely moved.

My forte is versatility, in Thesplan facility;
My smiling affability to me wins ev'ry heart;
I've talents a variety, of startling contrariety;
I've sampled ev'ry kind of trade and nearly every art;
The business of a wizard I well know from "A to Izzard";
O I ridicule all rivals, I can give them "cards and spades."
I once was a tragedian, a melancholy, seedy un—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.

REFRAIN.

Behold in me the whole epitome of versatile felicity;
My talent is no ordinary kind;
I am a paragon! I am the only one!
I am a universal genius of gifts in multiplicity.
My equal upon earth you will not find;
For I am Tereschappe the magical,
The comical, the tragic!
Take off your hats to me.

At prestidigitation I'm the wonder of the nation,
Anything you like to something else with readiness I turn;
My singing voice vociferous, whis posies odoriferous
From halles who adore me and for my affections yearn;
I am a "record breaker" as a necromancing fakir.
No large sleeves and no monstache I wear; I do not need their aids.
In ballet dance fantastical, my legs are most elastic—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.—Refrain.

THE ACTOR'S BOARDING HOUSE

By William Jerome. Tune—"Hey, Bube."

I'll sing you of an actor's boarding-house that's run by a Dutchman, Her-
It's No. 22 Great Jones, and the price per week is just 6 bones. [man Kruse,
It's run upon the just-out plan, by this Michael Pheana Dutchman,
Who wants you to settle in advance, and so to beat him there's no chance.
I'm up eleven flights of stairs, and in my room there are no chairs,
No signs of gas or a candle light—in fact, my room is out of sight.
We sleep eleven in one bed, and in the morning six are dead,
The first one up is the best one dressed, to-day I lost my coat and vest.
Some other actor stole my shoes, and took them out to get some booze.
They feed on hash three times a day, and the serio-comics all chew hay.
The house is full of museum freaks, for a season of just forty weeks.
They are a dizzy-looking troupe, and the turtle boy fell in the soup.
They all have English pugs to pet, and their picture's in the Police Gazette.
They say there's one 'em mashed upon, but not on your life, says John.
They played Delaware and Water Gap, and other towns not on the map,
Then comic songs all night they sing.

And when they hear the dinner bell, oh, how like Indians they do yell.
Around the table sit in pairs, and read the gauzy bill or fares.
Oh, the beefsteak it is awful tough, but at it we all make a bluff.
To-day I took a great big chunk to make some hinges for my trunk.
The coffee it is awful weak, it hasn't strength enough to speak,
With the butter it fought two rounds, but had to settle on its grounds.
We had some steak called Laughtette, I ate some and am laughing yet,
And then they gave me ox-tail soup, made from the leg of old Bill's foot,
But when they passed the custard pie, oh, me! oh, me! oh, me! oh, me!
Upon my piece I found a hair, for things like that I did not care,
But a boarder next to me named John, he ate the pie with do-jo's on.
When we got thro' we said our prayers, and wish'd we could climb the
We have a party every night, that always busts up in a fight, [gold'n stairs
Found parties are the fad, you see, at the one last night they pounded me.
Then Christmas was the game they played, with their stockings on a line
I had none, but to get a chance, upon the line I hung my pants, [array'd
Some got presents, oh, so fine! some son-of-a-gun got into mine,
Then to my room I bade retreat, and went to breakfast in a sheet,
Ta-la-la-boom-de-rae, since it was enough for me,
I'd sooner be in Kankakee. Ta-ta, ta-ta, boom-de-ree.

I Loved You Better than You Knew

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. W. Held.
Words and Music by Johnnie Carroll.

Our hands are clasped, the last forever,
Perhaps we'll never meet again;
I loved you as I could none other;
This parting fills my heart with pain;
You ask, and freely I forgive you,
The happy past I must forget;
And though I wander on in sorrow,
I hope that you'll be happy yet.

CHORUS.

As through this weary world I wander,
My thoughts alone will be of you;
In mem'ry I will see you ever;
I loved you better than you knew.

Perhaps, when I have gone forever,
You'll sometimes sit and think of me,
And wonder if I'm dead or living;
Perchance I'll think the same of thee;
And when your friends have all departed,
The friends you thought were tried and true,
Remember one you left heart-broken
Had loved you better than you knew.—*Chorus.*

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

The birds sleeping gently, sweet lyra gleameth bright;
Her rays tinge the forest, and all seems glad to-night.
The wind's sighing by me, cooling my fever'd brow;
The stream flows as ever, yet, Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even, and thou wert by my side,
And thou wert by my side, vowing to love me,
One year past this even, and thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me, Alice, whate'er might betide.
The silver rain falling, just as it falleth now;
And all things slept gently—ah! Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant wildwood, when winds blew cold and chill;
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heavenward now,
I'm looking heavenward now; oh! there 'mid the star-shine,
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking heavenward now;
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, Alice, I know art thou.

If I Only Could Blot Out the Past

Copyright, 1896, by Hamilton S. Gordon. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Gusie L. Davis.

In a city far away came a messenger one day
With a letter for a girl, and thus it said:
"Your old mother died to-day, and before she passed away
Often asked for you when all stood by her bed.
Now, Nell, please write and say that you'll start for home to-day,
For poor father has forgiven you at last,
And he longs to see you, too, for he always speaks of you,"
But poor Nell wrote, while the tears were falling fast:

CHORUS.

If I only could blot out the past,
If I only could all forget,
And the sweetheart of old had his love never told,
If he and I never had met
I'd be home with the old folks to-day,
But for me now the die is cast;
My heart oft doth yearn, and I'd like to return,
If I only could blot out the past.

In her home one year ago not a sorrow did she know,
In the quiet little town she was the belle;
But a lad there won her heart, now they've drifted far apart,
For poor Nell loved him not wisely but too well;
But pride keeps her away from that dear old home to-day,
For her name the village folks linked with disgrace,
And they tried to wreck her life, for poor Nell was not his wife,
And she thought of all, while tears rolled down her face.—*Chorus.*

BEN BOLT

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls 'round the wall as you gaze,
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
That stood in the pathless wood?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,
That nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
You would look for the tree in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shady nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I!

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt;
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale!

I LOVE YOU YET

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. W. Held. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

You said you loved me better than I knew,
But ah! you know you spoke untrue;
Your heart was faithless and your love was false,
And yet I loved, I loved but you.
You claimed me as your happy bride,
You pressed me to your loving side;
You took my hand within your own,
And vowed you loved but me alone.
But ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.

CHORUS.

And now I wander sad and lone, the past a drear and vain regret,
And tho' your many vows were broken, I cannot help, I love you yet.

"I loved you better than you knew, machree"—
Those were the words you spoke to me,
And tho' I thought you loved me as you said,
I knew that this could never be.
For woman's heart is not a toy,
One deed her love will oft destroy;
I saw you kiss another's lips,
Like bee, which stolen honey sips,
And ah! you little dream'd I knew
That you were faithless and untrue.—*Chorus.*

Love's Old, Sweet Song

Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by J. L. Molloy.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old, sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

A Mother Never Can Forget Her Boy

Copyright, 1893, by Geo. M. Klenk & Co.
Words and Music by Chas. Miller.

In prison sits a convict for a crime he hadn't done,
Deserted by his friends and every one;
"Why don't they come to see me?" is his cry from morn till night,
"O God, take me to realms that are more bright."
Discouraged, broken-hearted, he then gives up in despair,
"Till sounds a loving voice upon the air;
'Tis his dear old loving mother, and his heart beats high with joy
For the mother that has come to see her boy.

CHORUS.

Though his sweetheart will forget him, and all his friends forsake him,
His father, sisters, brothers, may all his hopes destroy,
But there's no love like a mother's, it is stronger than all others,
A mother never can forget her boy.

In trials or in trouble there's no friend like mother dear,
She ne'er forgets her loved ones far or near;
Her heart is never changing, it is always steadfast, strong,
And clings to those who hold it, right or wrong;
Just when the day is darkest and the clouds obscure the light,
Temptations gather 'round as thick as night,
She will smile and love on ever, though her heart with sorrow's torn,
For she knows her love will always bring the dawn.—*Chorus.*

The Man that Stole My Luncheon

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.
Words by Thos. Le Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

You remember we unloaded coal two weeks come Tuesday next?
I do, upon the wharf down here, the day Dan Gould got fined,
Well, something happened that day that would make a man feel vexed,
And although I never mentioned it, it's never left my mind.
Before I started out to work, my wife put up my dinner,
When I got down to the wharf, I hid the can behind the shed,
When a man about your size sneak'd 'round—he hid, the thieving sinner—
Took my dinner-can, my coat and lunch—yes, everything—and fled.

CHORUS.

I think he deserves a punchin'. Who? The man that stole my luncheon!
Was it me? I never said it was. Well, don't insinuate.
I'm not insinuat'n'. But you're very aggravatin'.
Lave it go. I will. You will? 'Tis gone. But what had I to ate?
Now, Drinnan, you're a friend of mine, and I know all your ways,
We've worked together many times, a-jobbing here and there,
I've done favors for your family, too, these many, many days;
I'll get even, too, with some one, if it takes me twenty years.
You're not accusing me, man, dear, of ateing up your dinner?
Well, you didn't bring no lunch that day (I'll take me oath to that).
No, but over to the Ditchman's I had beer and sour weinnee.
Yes, but beer and sour weinnee—only Ditchmen live on that.—*Chorus.*



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"JUST THE SAME."

Words by CHAS. E. BAER.

Music by FLORENCE BAER.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

CHORUS.

Say that you love me, tell me true.....

Just as you used to, I still love you.....

Don't let us quar - - rel, I'm to blame,.....

On - ly to hear you say you will love me al - way just the same....

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A PICTURE OF MY BEST GIRL.

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Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

In a hotel on Fifth Avenue a crowd of trav'ling men,
Were talking on the topics of the day,
Comparing notes and photographs of dif'rent girls they'd met,
Some were pretty, some were homely, some were gay.
By chance there fell upon the floor the picture of a girl,
The owner tried to hide it, but was slow;
"Ah, there, old chap, I've caught you, come now, tell us who it is,
We insist!"—"If you insist, I can't say no."

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys I love her dearly,
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerely;
I know that she's fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,
It's my daughter, and I've taught her, to always be my best girl.

A little newsboy standing near them took in ev'ry word,
And speaking up said, "Buy a paper, do;
If you will, I'll show you my best girl, now what say you to that?"
They all agreed, and then he brought to view
A photograph all faded, of a woman old and worn;
Who in her time was handsome, that was plain,
"She's not so young nor half so well as yours," the lad replied,
And then he softly sang this sweet refrain:

CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys, I love her dearly,
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerely,
I know that she's fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,
It's my mother, I've no other, and she'll always be my best girl.

It Was Not Down on the Program.

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Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

The theatre was crowded in a quiet country town,
The bills announced a singer would appear of great renown;
The people thought they'd hear selections classical and grand,
But hoped it would be something country folks would understand;
The singer stepp'd upon the stage with dignity and grace,
And there, amongst the audience she beheld her father's face;
'Twas her native town, and to her mind sweet memories would throng,
As, with voice inspired, she sang her dear old mother's favorite song:

CHORUS.

It was not down on the program, she knew her dad was there,
She sang the song her mother loved in tones so rich and rare,
And it set his mind a-thinking of the days he used to know,
It was not down on the program, that sweet song of long ago.

REFRAIN.

"My Old Kentucky Home."

Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

One moment's breathless silence came, the singer's voice had ceased,
The flood of their emotions from her audience was released:
The cheers that shook the building was a tribute far more dear
Than compliments of crowned heads to the singer standing there.
Her daddy's eyes were dim, but still it made his heart rejoice,
To hear the well-known songs again, to hear his daughter's voice,
And when she sat beside him in the old home once again,
Then she sang for him alone her mother's favorite refrain:—Refrain.

He Fought for the Cause He Thought Was Right.

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I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,
It took me back for over thirty years;
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother, too,
And knelt beside it mingling pray'rs with tears.
Above the spot where her boy sleeps there stands a wooden cross,
Which bears a sentence worded in this way,
"Pray judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,
A hero though he wore a suit of gray."

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause I thought was right,

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty-one" and "five,"
To war and all its heartaches we will turn,
Just picture to yourself a mother, tot'ring, old and gray,
And waiting for her boy who'll ne'er return;
A thousand miles away from her he's sleeping all alone,
The skies have out their sentinels each night,
While passing bare your head in honor of the hero bold,
Because he fought for what he thought was right.

CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

All Coons Look Alike to Me

Parody—Written by Harry Barnes.

Talk about your Irishmen having trouble,
I think Pat Murphy has enough of his own,
He dropped into a beer saloon one evening,
And two hours after they had to carry him home.
Oh, his poor wife Bridget needed him very badly,
Because she swallowed a toothpick with a glass of beer,
And when she saw how they had to carry Pat Murphy,
These words she yelled in his ear—

CHORUS.

All Irishmen look alike to me, you ain't the only one that's here,
Johnny Casey and Mike McGee, all those fellows are stuck on me;
So if you spend your money so free, on that whiskey and not on me,
I won't love you nohow, all Irishmen look alike to me.

When Pat Murphy had listened to what his wife had told him,
And after she had hit him in the face with a stale loaf of bread,
He jumped up and grabbed a big fat roll-pin,
And then he threw that roll-pin at her head,
But she dodged and the roll-pin smashed a fancy window,
And the owner wanted Pat Murphy to pay;
He couldn't, and while they were leading him to the station,
These words to him his wife did say—

CHORUS.

All Irishmen look alike to me, you ain't the only one that's here,
Johnny Casey and Mike McGee, all those fellows are stuck on me,
So if you spend your money so free, on that whiskey and not on me,
I won't love you nohow, all Irishmen look alike to me.

Everybody is delighted with this great descriptive song by Chas. Graham, composer of
"Don't let her go away John," etc. Order a copy from music dealer.

"AFTER YOUR WAND'RING, COME HOME."

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

CHORUS.

"Aft - er your wand'ring, come home!" That's what she read in the let - ter,

"Why did you leave us a - lone? No one could love you bet - ter;

Keep this in mind, lit - tle girl, No mat - ter wher - ev - er you roam, There are

hearts fond and true, that are wait - ing for you! Aft - er your wand'ring, come home!"
a tempo.

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Just Set a Light

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Words by Henry V. Neal. Music by Gusie L. Davis.

A little child on a sick bed lay,
And to death seemed very near,
Her parents' pride, and the only child
Of a railroad engineer;
His duty calls him from the one he loved,
From this home, whose lights were dimmed,
While tears he shed, to his wife he said,
"I will leave two lanterns trimmed."

CHORUS.

"Just set a light when I pass to-night,
Set it where it can be seen,
If our darling's dead, then show the red,
If she's better, show the green."

In that small house, by the railroad side,
'Twas the mother's watchful eye
Saw gleam of hope in the feeble smile,
As the train went rushing by;
Just one short look, 'twas his only chance,
But the signal light was seen,
On the midnight air there arose a prayer,
"Thank the Lord, the light is green."—*chorus.*

Every Nigger Had a Lady BUT ME

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Words and music by Karl St. Clair. All rights reserved.

De coons gave a ball de other night,
De wenches dat attended dey were dressed out of sight;
Eb'ry nigger had on his very best,
Wuz a-puttin' on a lot of lugs and tryin' to do de rest.
Sports and gamblers made a great big bluff,
Crooked crap shooters dat were lookin' for de stuff;
Dere wuz many a funny sight to see,
Eb'ry nigger dat was present had a lady but me.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
I stood dere a-glancin', while de others were a-dancin',
And dey all seemed just as happy as could be;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Not a word to me dey spoke, and my heart it nearly broke,
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me.

Dat night I'll always remember well,
I had my eyes located on a ginger-colored belle;
I wuz captured completely by her charms,
I could feel myself a-waltzin' with dat sweet thing in my arms,
Jes' den some one shouted through de hall,
"Eb'rybody grab a gal and promenade all!"
For dat lady den I grabbed right away,
But I nebber knew I missed her till de band began to play.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
I stood dere a-glancin', while de others were a-dancin',
And dey all seemed just as happy as could be;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
Not a word to me dey spoke, and my heart it nearly broke,
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me.

Along 'bout twelve a great big coon
Got up and said dat supper would be ready very soon;
Eb'ry couple began to fall in line,
'Cause de niggers got a straight tip dat de grub wuz mighty fine;
Coons and wenches laughin' nebber ceased,
'Till de big procession started down to have de feast;
I wuz ready, but strange it seemed to be,
Eb'ry nigger went to supper with a lady but me.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me;
Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me;
I stood dere a-smilin' 'till my blood began a-billin',
Until I got jes' as mad as I could be;
Eb'ry nigger wuz a-laughin' at me,
'Cause eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;
But when I began to shoot, all de coons began to scoot,
Den nobody had a lady but me.

Sweet Bunch of Daisies

Copyright, 1894, by Anita Owen. All rights reserved.—Words and music by Anita Owen. The sheet music of this song will be sent to any address for 40 cents.

Sweet golden daisies, oh, how dear to me,
Ever I hear them, whispering, love of thee,
Murmuring softly, in a silent theme,
Of love's bright morning, now one sad, sweet dream.

REFRAIN.

Sweet bunch of daisies, brought from the dell,
Kiss me once, darling, daisies won't tell,
Give me your promise, O sweetheart do;
Darling, I love you, will you be true?

Sweet, withered daisies, treasured more than gold,
Bring back to mem'ry those sweet days of old,
When we together strolled through forests green,
Gathering daisies growing by the stream.—*Refrain.*

It Ain't No Lie

Copyright, 1897, by J. C. Groene & Co.—Words and music by Moran & Helf. The sheet music of this song will be sent to any address for 40 cents.

White folks say that the times are hard,
But niggers never worry, trust in de Lord;
Have no trouble, get a-plenty to eat,
And for chicken dinner they a-can't be beat.
I went last night to a chicken coop,
Chickens roosted high, didn't have to stoop;
No matter how hard the times may be,
Chickens don't a-come too high for me.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born reacher, I'se a natural born reacher,
I do love my chickens, it ain't no lie.

I took my babe to a ball one night,
A coffee-colored nigger tried to start a fight;
Says I, "See here, Johnson, don't you give me a call,
'Cause if I'se encouraged I will clean out this hall."
"Do you mean," says Johnson, "that you'll clean out the place?"
He called for soap and water, shoved a mop in ma face;
When I got through a-scrubbing I was tired as could be,
'Twas the cleanest old hall you ever did see.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born cleaner, I'se a natural born cleaner,
Got the best of reference, it ain't no lie.

Went out the other night for to shoot some crap,
Expected to win some money perhaps;
Thought those coons would all have fits,
When I proudly said I'd shoot six bits,
"Come here," I cried, but out rolled three,
Said, "It's all up, gemmen, youse done cleaned me;"
"What, cleaned already," says Liver Lip Jim,
"Why, you wasn't very dirty when you first came in."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born gambler, I'se a natural born gambler,
I must have been hoodood, it ain't no lie.

'Neath a great big tree with my babe I sat,
Tree was loaded down with persimmons so fat;
Had my arms around her, she was making goo goo eyes,
And she says, "Do you hear how this tree moans and sighs?"
I said to my babe, "Now, it's a very plain;
If the tree moans and sighs it must be in pain;
If you were as full of persimmons as that tree, Sue,
Why it's dollars to doughnuts you'd be a moanin', too."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born joker, I'se a natural born joker,
A regular Joe Miller, it ain't no lie.

Knew a man by the name of Freeze,
Among the gals he was all the cheese;
He was twice as frosty as his name,
And he looked like the letter that never came.
Alas! Poor Freeze got in a fight,
Coons pulled their razors and carved him right;
They parted his body from his breath somehow,
And he cuts no ice where he is now.

REFRAIN.

He's a natural born freezer, he's a natural born freezer,
He'll have hot doings, it ain't no lie.

Had a dream the other night,
Dreamed I was climbing up the golden flight;
Got a hustle on me, d'n't want to be late,
There sat St. Peter at the golden gate.
"Hello, Pete!" I shook a-hands with him;
I'm playing with the 'Creoles, and I want to go in!"
"Cuts no ice with a-whom you played,
See the manager and have a-your card O K'd."

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born troupier, I'se a natural born troupier,
Done got a turn down, it ain't no lie.

Kept on a-dreaming the whole night through,
'Cause I didn't get to heaven was a-feelin' blue;
Found a bunch of money lyin' on the ground,
Started over after Susan for to do the town.
Came to cafe and I went in,
Stepped to bar and I called for gin;
Was just about to drink it, 'twas just my luck,
I didn't get to taste it, for I done woke up.

REFRAIN.

I'se a natural born dreamer, I'se a natural born dreamer,
Dream hard luck stories, it ain't no lie.

Dora Dean

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Words and Music by Bert A. Williams.

'Way down in Lon'elana, dat's where ole Sister Hannah
Bakes the cracklin' bread upon the coals;
With her daughter Dora Dean, who is my dearest queen—
Oh! I tell you, boys, she is a lump of gold.
She goes to church on Sunday, you'll find her home on Monday,
Helping all the folks the house to clean;
Their home it looks so neat, you'll find it hard to beat,
The way it's kept by Dora Dean.

CHORUS.

Oh! have you ever seen my Dora Dean,
She is the sweetest gal you ever seen;
I'm gwine to make this gal, sweet Dora, queen—
Next Sunday morn' I'm gwine to marry sweet Dora Dean.

While down with Sister Holly, we all did feel so jolly,
Each one tried to cut a pigeon wing;
When up jumped Dora Dean, who said, "I am the queen;
I can beat you in a dance for anything."
That just suited ole Aunt Dinah, who sang a tune in minor,
Thinking that she could the music make,
So we started in to test, to see who was the best,
And Dora walked off with the cake.—*Chorus.*

Plain Little Every-Day Girl

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

My steady girl is not the kind they sing about nowadays,
With eyes of blue and golden hair that poets love to praise;
She's not as pretty as a picture hanging on the wall,
For if she was, I'd really have no love for her at all.

REFRAIN.

My girl is a plain girl, my girl isn't proud,
She's just what you'd call a fair looking girl, a girl that would pass in a crowd;
She's not an angel from heaven, she'd not set your brain in a whirl;
She's a good, bright, all right, plain little every-day girl.

She's just the kind of girl to make you happy all the while;
She never makes you jealous, for on others she won't smile;
A little dear, good, home-girl of the sort you read about,
And that's the reason, all the time, her praises I must shout.—*Refrain.*

She's pure gold, eighteen carat, and that's good enough for me;
She never puts on any airs like other girls you see;
Her heart she gave me long ago, and I have bought the ring,
And when I place it on her finger you will hear me sing:—*Refrain.*

ON THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK

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Words by M. Maurice. Music by Ed. Treumann.

Ev'ry pleasant afternoon, on the day of rest,
Husbands, wives and sweethearts, dressed up in their best,
All go out a-strolling for a quiet lark,
And listen to the music on the mall in Central Park.

CHORUS.

Old and young, rich and poor, hearts that swell with pride,
While the band is playing, strolling aside;
When the sun has gone to rest and it's just growing dark,
Then cupid shoots his arrow on the mall in Central Park.

See the loving couples sit 'neath some shady tree,
Talking o'er the future, happy as can be;
The grand tones of the music awakin' love's first spark,
They plight their troth forever on the mall in Central Park.—*Cho.*

THERE'S A GIRL IN THE WORLD

FOR US ALL

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Words and Music by W. C. Davies.

Two friends quarrelled one day
About a young girl called Mary;
Tom loved her dearly and Jack did the same,
But he was a little contrary;
Mary told Tom that she loved him the best,
And promised that she'd be his wife;
When Jack heard of this, in a passion he flew,
Said: "Our friendship, Tom, ceases for life!"

REFRAIN.

"Don't be angry with me, Jack,
Because I have won Mary;
Come, let us be friends again;
Don't be so contrary;
You tried to win her, I know;
She loved me best, after all;
Shake hands and be friends, and remember," said Tom.
"There's a girl in the world for us all."

Said Jack: "I'll go away
Since you've won the heart of Mary."
"Don't go away, Jack, for I'm still your friend;
Why are you so awful contrary;
Soon little Mary and I will be wed
In the church that stands over the way;
Now promise me, Jack, that my friend still you'll be."
Tom then held out his hand and did say:—*Refrain.*

Pictures from Life's Other Side

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Words and Music by Charles E. Boer.

In the world's mighty gallery of pictures
Hang the scenes that are painted from life;
The picture of love and of passion,
The picture of peace and of strife;
The picture of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young bride,
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of all
Are the pictures from life's other side.

CHORUS.

'Tis a picture from life's other side,
Some one who fell by the way,
A life has gone out with the tide
That may have been happy one day.
Some poor old mother at home,
Watching and waiting alone,
Longing to hear from the loved ones so dear,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler,
Who has lost all his money at play,
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger.
She wore on her wedding day;
His last earthly treasure he stakes it,
Bows his head, that his shame he may hide.
When they lifted his head they found he was dead,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The next tells a tale of two brothers,
Whose paths in life different ways led;
The one was in luxury living,
The other one begged for his bread;
One dark night they met on the highway,
"Your money or life!" the thief cried,
And he took with his knife his own brother's life,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The last is a scene by the river,
Of a heart-broken mother and babe,
'Neath the harbor-lights' glare stands and shivers
An outcast whom no one will save;
And yet she was once a true woman,
She was somebody's darling and pride.
God help her, she leaps, there is none to weep,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

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The Cuban Hero.

Copyright, 1896, by Thomas J. O'Donohue and R. T. Parks. Words by Thomas J. O'Donohue. Music by Richard L. Weaver.

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While standing in the moonlight, my gallant love and I,
He told me that he loved me, and then he said good-bye;
He left our glorious country to free the one oppressed,
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty I pinned upon his breast.

CHORUS.

My love in the battle fell, fighting for liberty,
He joined the Cuban heroes to set their country free;
He kissed me in the moonlight before he joined the rest,
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty I pinned upon his breast.

While fighting with the Spaniards he was always in the fore,
My lover was the hero in battles o'er and o'er;
'Twas there the gallant hero of great athletic fame,
Gave up his life for freedom—shall heroes die in vain?

A dozen bullets pierced him, his life's blood ebbed away,
I know I love you, darling, were the last words he did say;
In distant lands of sunshine they've laid my love to rest,
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty repose on his breast.

I DON'T LOVE NOBODY

Copyright, 1896, by Howley, Haviland & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.—Words and Music by Lew Sully.

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Born down in Kentucky, lived there all my life,
I've been very lucky, never had a wife;
Mighty near it Sunday, asked a coon to wed,
Met that lady Monday, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me,
You're after my money, don't care for me;
I'm gwine to live single, always a be free,
I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me.

Went out promenading down on Thompson Street,
Met a colored lady, smiled on her so sweet;
Said, ah there, my honey, thought I had her dead,
When I tried to kiss her, why, this is what she said:

CHORUS.

I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me,
You're after my money, don't care for me;
I'm gwine to live single, always a be free,
I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me.

WHEN MISS MARIA JOHNSON MARRIES ME

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There's a gal 'way down in Richmond by the name of Ria Johnson,
She's a hot-stuff culled lady, and she ranks among the 'tunes;
There's been sev'ral cullid gennimen who's been suing for her hand,
For she's such a lubly creature that they cannot her withstand,
But now down in Coon Hollow there is moaning, don't you see,
For I proposed to Miss Maria and she's accepted me.

CHORUS.

Miss Maria Johnson's gwine to marry me,
Twelfth of next November the wedding gwine to be;
Coons have been invited 'way from Georgia, just to see
Miss Maria Johnson when she marries me.
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
When this great event is gwine to happen, don't you see;
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
'Till Miss Maria marries me.

It will be the swellest wedding ever held in Dixie land,
As all the colored population will be present to a man;
She is gwine to have twelve bridesmaids just to strew the flowers 'round,
We will hire forty carriages, the swellest to be found,
To be there at the church when I drive up with my bride,
For next day all de papers gwine to tell it far and wide.

CHORUS.

Miss Maria Johnson's gwine to marry me,
Twelfth of next November the wedding gwine to be;
Coons have been invited 'way from Georgia, just to see
Miss Maria Johnson when she marries me.
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
When this great event is gwine to happen, don't you see;
The time ain't long, the time ain't long
'Till Miss Maria marries me.

Everything Comes to Him Who Waits

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The good things of this world will come, let every one have patience;
For instance, look at brother Bill, who looks for work all day,
While looking for a job one day a chimney fell upon him,
And as they dug him from the ruins, somebody heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Ev'rything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
If I wasn't here when the chimney fell, it might have dropped on you;
I look broke up, and I feel it too, I'm in the sorest straits,
But now I am sure that everything comes to him who waits.

While looking at a fight one day between two big 'longshoremen,
Dear brother Billy interfered, to make them friends again,
But suddenly they turned on Bill, and gave him a good pounding,
And when they had him nearly dead, Bill sang this sad refrain:

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
When I interfered, for to make them friends, they kicked me black and blue.
Since Bill got whipped by those two big men, all big men Billy hates,
And now he is sure that everything comes to him who waits.

Dear Billy had a girl named Nell, she was a reg'lar corker;
He loved her to his heart's content whenever he got a show;
One night she told him to look out, for her "old man" was coming,
And suddenly the "old man" came and helped dear Willie go.

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
Our Willie has given up seeing Nell on account of papa's shoe;
He wanted Nell for to be his wife, but waited till 'twas late,
And now he is sure that everything comes to him who waits.

One day dear Willie grabbed a watch and quickly got to running
The man who lost the watch did yell, "My time it flies away;
A fat policeman on the corner saw dear Willie coming,
And as he landed in his arms somebody heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;
If I wasn't here for to catch this man, what would the people do?
Oh, now I'll be made a captain, sure I'm great among my mates,
And now I'm sure that everything comes to him who waits.

THE HIT OF THE SEASON. A pretty story told in song by Chas. Graham, author of
"My Dad's the Engineer," etc. For sale at all music stores.

"GOOD MORNING, MISTER POLICEMAN."

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

CHORUS. *Waltz tempo.*

Good Morning, Mis - ter Po - lice-man,..... I'm not a - fraid of you,..... Be -

- cause you wear brass but - tons,..... And a u - ni - form of blue;..... My

teach - er says she likes you,..... Be - cause you are so kind,..... If

chil - dren just be - have them-selves, A good friend in you they'll find.....

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ROSE, SWEET ROSE

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Words by George Davison Sutton. Music by Mary Dowling Sutton.

All the sunshine is brighter, and my heart is lighter, I'll tell you why,
I'm in love with the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest of maidens shy,
Not a flower that grows is as dainty as Rose is, I've bought the ring,
And every night in the twilight to her I sing,
And every night in the twilight to her I sing:

CHORUS.

You are my own little fairy, oh, Rose, sweet Rose;
Sometimes a trifle contrary, Rose, sweet Rose;
Ah, but you're never airy, Rose, sweet Rose,
Eyes that are bluest and heart that is truest, my Rose, sweet Rose.

In the summer when skies are as blue as her eyes are we'll wedded be,
In the old church where often her glances would soften when turned on me.
And at night when returning, with loving heart yearning, I'll sing this song,
And she will listen for me all the glad day long.
And she will listen for me all the glad day long.—Chorus.

Della Lee, You're Fooling Me

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Words by Robert Robinson. Music by Chas. Robinson.

I've lost my heart, for I'm in love with a girl that I adore,
She's all the hobby, she dresses so nibby, admirers she has by the score;
You couldn't help but love this girl, for she has such winning ways,
And every time that I greet her, these words to her I sing:

CHORUS.

Della Lee, you're fooling me, now don't you think it's wrong?
I love you dearly and sincerely, my love for you is strong;
Why do you tarry, let's go and marry; happy both we will be,
I'll get you a home and we'll live there alone, if you only marry me.
Now, Della Lee, you can't fool me, for I know your roguish way,
You're quite a jolly, but that's only folly, don't wait for a rainy day,
But just say yes and I'll do the rest, to-morrow you'll have the ring,
And after the wedding is over, no more these words I'll sing:—Chorus.

THINKING OF THE DEAR ONES LEFT AT HOME

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Harry Howard.

'Twas just before the battle, a soldier stood alone,
His eyes were fixed on something in his hand.
'Twas but a little picture of the wife he loved at home,
And their baby dear, the sweetest in the land.
A tear-drop glistened in his eye, within his heart there lay
A prayer to keep them safe where'er he'd roam;
And when his comrades saw him thus, they'd whisper soft and say,
"He's thinking of the dear ones left at home."

REFRAIN.

Thinking of the dear ones left at home,
Thinking of the dear ones left at home,
Thinking of the welcome sweet when again in peace they'd meet;
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.

The battle's din was ended, the wounded and the dead
Lay on the field bathed in the moon's pale light.
Upon a comrade's knee the dying soldier laid his head,
Until his soul should pass to scenes more bright.
They tried with hope to cheer, as they spoke in whispers low;
But far away his thoughts would seem to roam.
They knew his heart so faithful, as his breath came faint and slow,
Was breaking for the dear ones left at home.

REFRAIN.

Thinking of the dear ones left at home,
Thinking of the dear ones left at home,
Thinking of the welcome sweet, when in paradise they'd meet,
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.

I'M A GAY SOUBRETTE

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

On the poster's vaudiville, or the comic o'-ra bill,
You can always find my name, whenever you will.
For I'm really quite the thing, I can dance and I can sing,
They cannot do without me; if you dare to doubt me,
You do not know about me, I'm such a gay soubrette.
Every manager, I know, wants to book me for his show,
And, of course, it's awkward when I must answer "no!"
Anything is sure to go, for the public love me so;
They really like me best if my songs are suggestive,
With streaks of dancing festive, I'm such a gay soubrette.

CHORUS.

I'm a gay soubrette, you see, a darling, gay soubrette,
All the Johnnies are in love with me, the baldheads declare I'm a pet,
Though it cannot be denied that I'm a sad coquette;
Still, of course, that's only natural, because I am a gay soubrette.

SPOKEN.—Some people think soubrettes are naughty—but such is not the case—any one with half an eye can see, by looking at me, that I'm an innocent, bashful little thing, with a modest, retiring disposition, and I can break any one's face who says I'm not, so there now!—Repeat Chorus.

I'm devoted to my art, and I study on my part
Till I'm sure the critics cannot pull me apart;
For, of course, it is the trick to be natural and "chic,"
And so I nail my verses, for sure nothing worse is
Than slips when one rehearses, if she's a gay soubrette.
Ev'ry night I chance to play, some one sends me a bouquet,
Really, I can't stop him if he will be a jay.
And a little bid to dine, which, of course, implies the wine,
For glasses gaily clinking, when good friends are drinking,
Just suits the style of thinking of any gay soubrette.—Chorus.

SPOKEN (Other presents bouquet with note attached).—[SOTTO VOICE.]—Who'd you say? that young man over there? Oh! isn't he just too sweet (opens note and reads it) [LOUD] That's all right, Johnny, at the stage door, and say, let's go to Del's, nothing I like better than a bottle and a cold bird.—Repeat Chorus.

JACK, HOW I ENVY YOU

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Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Two little lads, they had been friends
Ever since childhood days.
Until one day they met a fair maid,
An angel with charming ways,
Both fell in love, each tried to win
This little maiden fair.
But sad was the day when to Tom she did say
Words that sent him away in despair.
Time rolled along, Jack won her hand,
Thus does the story run.
Until one fine day, in the middle of May,
At the altar these two were made one,
A short honeymoon, they returned soon,
Jack met poor Tom one day.
Come, brace up, lad, why look so sad,
Then Tom unto Jack did say:

CHORUS.

Jack, how I envy you; I envy you, Jack, yes I do;
You have won her fair and square, I hope that she'll always be true.
I wish you luck, old pal,
Here is my hand on it, too;
I am not mad 'cause she loved you, my lad,
But I envy you, Jack, yes I do.

Happy were they, Jack and his wife,
Until one fatal day.
Sickness came 'long, and though Jack was strong,
It took his young life away.
Wife at the grave, how she did rave,
She knew not what to do,
Then Tom comes along, and, in voice clear and strong,
Says, Sweetheart, my own, I'll marry you.
Years have rolled by since they were wed,
They now have children four.
Babe cries at night, mamma and papa fight,
And papa has to sleep on the floor;
Tom now looks back, thinks of poor Jack,
Passing his grave each day.
Stops with a sigh, tear-bedimmed eyes,
And these few words he will say:

CHORUS.

Jack, how I envy you; I envy you, Jack, yes I do.
You are past all trouble now glad! I'd change place with you!
How happy you must be,
I once was happy, too,
You're far away, I'll be with you some day,
For I envy you, Jack, yes I do.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

- 1 Baby mine
- 2 Such an education has my Mary Ann
- 3 And Lang Syne
- 4 Ella Ree
- 5 Old cabin home
- 6 Little ones at home
- 7 Old black Joe
- 8 Home, sweet home
- 9 Larboard watch
- 10 Many can help one
- 11 We parted by the river side
- 12 See that my grave's kept green
- 13 Grandfather's clock
- 14 Emmet's "Lullaby"
- 15 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
- 16 My country, 'tis of thee
- 17 Sweet forget-me-not
- 18 Where was Moses when the light went out?
- 19 Nancy Lee
- 20 Write me a letter from home
- 21 Beautiful Isle of the Sea
- 22 Old folks at home (Suzanne ribbon)
- 23 Come back to Erin
- 24 Sweet bye-and-bye
- 25 My pretty red robe
- 26 When Emma
- 27 Katie's secret
- 28 You'll remember me
- 29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
- 30 Kathleen McAvourneen
- 31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
- 32 Wearing of the green
- 33 When you and I were young, Maggie
- 34 Cottage by the sea
- 35 We parted by the river side
- 36 When I saw sweet Nellie home
- 37 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
- 38 Last rose of Summer
- 39 Shamrock O'Brien
- 40 Exile of Erin
- 41 Maggie's secret
- 42 Or any other man—Stim, speech
- 43 I cannot call her mother
- 44 Would I were with her
- 45 Poor old slave
- 46 Oassy social club
- 47 Cumberland's crew
- 48 Take this letter to my mother
- 49 A model love letter
- 50 Female stranger
- 51 How to kiss a lady
- 52 Dublin bay
- 53 The wife's commandments
- 54 The husband's commandments
- 55 Rules for hummers
- 56 Little old log cabin in the lane
- 57 Barbara Fritchle—RECREATION
- 58 Marching through Georgia
- 59 When I was a lad—Pinafore
- 60 Widow in the cottage by the sea
- 61 Dancing in the barn
- 62 Fire in the grate
- 63 Wandering refugee
- 64 Blue-eyed Kelly
- 65 Minstrel boy
- 66 Letter in the candle
- 67 Star-spangled banner
- 68 Dancing on the green
- 69 Heart boy's dream
- 70 Take back the heart
- 71 The watermill—RECREATION
- 72 Faded coat of blue
- 73 Hold the fort
- 74 There's a very dear mother if ever so
- 75 Dear little school on de shetland deck
- 76 Little barefoot
- 77 My old Kentucky home, good-night
- 78 Home again
- 79 Thou art so near and yet so far
- 80 Sword of Bunker Hill
- 81 Office rules
- 82 Gray hairs of my mother
- 83 Good Rhine wine
- 84 I'll be so all the night, love
- 85 You've been a friend to me
- 86 Listen to the mocking-bird
- 87 When the corn is waving, Annie
- 88 She never blamed him, never
- 89 River threads among the gold
- 90 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
- 91 Ring the bell softly there's a crape on the
- 92 Boy lost (laughable)
- 93 Her bright smile haunts me still (door)
- 94 Sunday night when the parlor's full
- 95 Gypsy's warning
- 96 Anchor's weighed
- 97 Moon behind the hill
- 98 Swinging in the lane
- 99 Sheridan's ride—RECREATION
- 100 We met, 'twas in a crowd
- 101 Ellen Allanna
- 102 'Tis but a little faded flower
- 103 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
- 104 Girl I left behind me
- 105 Little Buttercup
- 106 His sisters, cousins and aunts
- 107 Carry me back to old Virginia
- 108 Roses underneath the snow
- 109 Kitty Wells
- 110 Billy's appeal to his ma
- 111 When the swallows homeward fly
- 112 Old man's drunk again
- 113 Two Orphans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
- 114 Amber tresses tied in blue
- 115 Pretty as a picture
- 116 I am waiting, Emma, dear
- 117 Three perished in the snow
- 118 Night hints
- 119 Take me back to home and mother
- 120 Come, sit by my side, little darling
- 121 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
- 122 Bingen on the Rhine
- 123 A flower from my angel mother's grave
- 124 Old log cabin on the hill
- 125 Caddy boy
- 126 Biddy's out to-day
- 127 The bridge
- 128 Shabby gentel
- 129 Oh, dar watermelon
- 130 Comin' through the rye
- 131 Must we then meet as strangers
- 132 Babies on our block
- 133 Brennan on the Moor
- 134 Biddmore fancy ball
- 135 Halfway door
- 136 Where the grass grows green
- 137 Darling Bessie of the sea
- 138 Kiss behind the door
- 139 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
- 140 Mary of the old Moor
- 141 Old wooden rocker
- 142 Speak, only speak
- 143 Dancing around with Charlie
- 144 Where art thou now, my beloved!
- 145 Mollie, darling
- 146 You may look, but you mustn't touch
- 147 My daughter, Julia
- 148 Raffle for the stove
- 149 Belm of Glend
- 150 There's always a seat in the parlor for you
- 151 Driven from home
- 152 I've no mother, now I'm weeping
- 153 Pull for the shore
- 154 Where art thou now, my beloved!
- 155 Good news from home
- 156 Fisherman's daughter
- 157 Shells of ocean
- 158 Mama's in the cold, cold ground
- 159 Say a kind word when you can
- 160 Cure for scandal
- 161 Twilight coterie
- 162 Strangers yet
- 163 Castles in the air
- 164 Dear little shamrock
- 165 I cannot sing the old songs
- 166 Norah O'Neal
- 167 Waiting, my darling, for thee
- 168 Rose of Tralee
- 169 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
- 170 I'm lonely since my mother died
- 171 Drunkard's lone child
- 172 Tenting on the old camp ground
- 173 Glove flirtation
- 174 Whip flirtation
- 175 Slave's dream
- 176 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
- 177 Sweet Evangeline
- 178 Good-bye at the door
- 179 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
- 180 Willie, we have missed you (heart, etc.)
- 181 Erin's lovely home
- 182 Over the hills to the poor-house
- 183 Twenty years ago
- 184 Faddy's law
- 185 Don't be angry with me, darling
- 186 Old village school on the green
- 187 Woodman, spare that tree
- 188 Barbara Fritchle—RECREATION
- 189 Darling Minnie Lee
- 190 Hat flirtation
- 191 Fan flirtation
- 192 Flee as a bird to your mountain
- 193 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Knock Arden)
- 194 Why did the leave him!
- 195 A quiet little home
- 196 Thou hast learned to love another
- 197 Mary of Arryle
- 198 Nil Doerandum
- 199 Sweet Highland Mary
- 200 Evening amusement (laughable)
- 201 Day I played base ball (own)
- 202 Remember you have children of your
- 203 There's a very dear mother if ever so
- 204 You were fat, bu, 'll forgive (poor)
- 205 Sweet Mag, so Gordon
- 206 Tanyard side
- 207 Bells of Shandon
- 208 Old log cabin in the lane
- 209 Whisper softly, mother's dying
- 210 Erin's green shore
- 211 Will you love me when I'm old
- 212 Donnelly and Cooper
- 213 Gathering shells by the sea shore
- 214 Little Rosebud
- 215 By the sea waves
- 216 Come into the garden, Maud
- 217 Harp and shamrock of Erin
- 218 Where there's a will there's a way
- 219 God bless my boy at sea
- 220 Annie Laurie
- 221 Mac's and the O's
- 222 Sherman's march to the sea
- 223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
- 224 Come, birdie, come
- 225 Now I lay me down to sleep
- 226 Error of the night
- 227 Norah McShane
- 228 Love among the roses
- 229 Shamus O'Brien—RECREATION
- 230 Der Deutcher gal
- 231 No Irish need apply
- 232 Old arm chair
- 233 Tim Flaherty
- 234 We met by the river—own and I
- 235 I love music
- 236 Sweet Genevieve
- 237 When the flowers fall asleep
- 238 Patrick Sheehan
- 239 Baller's maid
- 240 Pretty maid milking her cow
- 241 Kentucky Rose
- 242 Farmer's daughter
- 243 Oh, dem golden slippers
- 244 In the morning by the bright light
- 245 Nobody's darling
- 246 Poor, but a gentleman still
- 247 Somebody's mother—RECREATION
- 248 Birdie, darling
- 249 Nobody's darling t' mine
- 250 Rock me to sleep, m-kher
- 251 Put my little shoes away
- 252 Darling Nelly Gray (fall)
- 253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
- 254 I left Ireland and mother because we
- 255 Little brown jug (because poor)
- 256 Ben Bol
- 257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
- 258 Erin is my home
- 259 Katie Avourneen
- 260 Sadie Ray
- 261 Bard of Armagh
- 262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep
- 263 Sadie's day parade
- 264 Poor Pat must emigrate
- 265 Speak to me, speak
- 266 Darling, I will come again
- 267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett
- 268 Hiss, Columbia
- 269 Little footstep
- 270 Tim Finnegan's wake
- 271 McDonnell's old tin roof
- 272 Scotch lassie, Jean
- 273 Hat me father wore
- 274 Banks of sweet Dundee
- 275 I've only been down to the club
- 276 Dance me on your knee
- 277 Kiss me again
- 278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"
- 279 Vacant chair
- 280 Sweet sunny South
- 281 Our good ship sails to-night
- 282 Jersey Sam
- 283 Come home, father
- 284 Little Maggie May
- 285 Cackle, cackle, cackle
- 286 Molly Bawn
- 287 Maid of Athens
- 288 Belle in our alley
- 289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
- 290 Poor old Ned
- 291 Dorkins' night
- 292 Man in the moon is looking, love
- 293 When the flowing tide comes in
- 294 Don't give up the old friends for the new
- 295 Broken down
- 296 Marriage bells
- 297 Have I not been kind to thee?
- 298 Flowers will come in May
- 299 Awfully clever
- 300 My little one's waiting for me
- 301 I'll go back to my old love again
- 302 Butcher boy
- 303 There's somebody waiting for me
- 304 Are you there, Moriarty?
- 305 I've wine back to Dixie
- 306 Bidalia Jane McCann
- 307 Isle de Blackwell
- 308 Where are the friends of my youth?
- 309 Singing on the roof
- 310 Five cent shave
- 311 Hen convention
- 312 Red, white and blue
- 313 Old oaken bucket
- 314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
- 315 My dream of love is o'er
- 316 They all do it
- 317 Odd home is what it used to be
- 318 Wait till the moonlight falls on water
- 319 Linger not, darling
- 320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee
- 321 American National Guard
- 322 Johnny's so bashful
- 323 Doty Deane
- 324 I wish mamma was here
- 325 Pulling hard against the stream
- 326 Dancing in the sunlight
- 327 What is it?
- 328 There never was a coward where the
- 329 Love letters (shamrock grows)
- 330 Delia Clancy
- 331 Remember that the poor tramp has to
- 332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel (live)
- 333 Roll on, moon
- 334 When McGuinness gets a job
- 335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance
- 336 Down among the daisies
- 337 Down by the mill stream
- 338 Answer to "The Gypsy's warning"
- 339 Battle cry of freedom
- 340 Home rule for Ireland
- 341 Riding on the elevated railroad
- 342 When McGuinness rules the State
- 343 Sweet chiming bells
- 344 Levi Kasiday
- 345 I want to see the cotton fields
- 346 Walks with me
- 347 Let me be by moonlight alone
- 348 Do they miss me at home?
- 349 Lather and shave
- 350 Happy be thy dreams
- 351 Take it in
- 352 Scotch verdict (Jim Flisk song)
- 353 Lardy dah
- 354 De golden wedding
- 355 My mother-in-law
- 356 What should make thee sad, my darling
- 357 Dear Italian girl
- 358 Banks of Brandywine
- 359 Old, and only in the way
- 360 Six feet of earth
- 361 Write a letter to my mother
- 362 Yellow rose of Texas
- 363 When my ship comes in
- 364 One pound two
- 365 We have met, loved and parted
- 366 Summer's hotel
- 367 I'm getting big boy now
- 368 I shall never be happy again
- 369 Soldier's farewell
- 370 Old kitchen floor
- 371 Sweet Belle Mahone
- 372 My dear Savannah home
- 373 Billy Barlow
- 374 Wild Irish boy
- 375 Dwindy-seven cents
- 376 A starry night for a ramble
- 377 Locked out after nine
- 378 Whip-poor-will's song
- 379 Day when you'll forget me
- 380 You'll miss me when I'm gone
- 381 I'm a gambler
- 382 Golden star
- 383 Your little Lisa loves you
- 384 American boy
- 385 You get more like your dad every day
- 386 Barney McCoy
- 387 Bazon in the air
- 388 Belle Horner
- 389 Willie Reilly
- 390 Sweet Aleen
- 391 Old Serton
- 392 Pull down the b. d.
- 393 Do they think of me at home?
- 394 Tell me where my love's gone
- 395 Barbara Allan
- 396 The longshoremen's strike
- 397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee
- 398 Bathing song
- 399 Carrie Lee
- 400 One wide river to cross
- 401 Moon is out to-night, love
- 402 Devil's in New Jersey
- 403 Rambler from Clare
- 404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger
- 405 Faded flowers
- 406 Dark-eyed sailor
- 407 Rose of Killarney
- 408 Out in the corner
- 409 Boys, keep away from the girls
- 410 Phantom footstep
- 411 Bonny bunch of roses
- 412 Pat Koss at the play
- 413 Doran's am
- 414 Banks of Clandy
- 415 What are the wild waves saying?
- 416 Her front door is Hanner
- 417 Sweet Evelina
- 418 Behind the scenes
- 419 Gospel raft
- 420 Don't put the poor workman down
- 421 Crusteen lawn
- 422 I had but fifty cents
- 423 I'm leaving now the old folks
- 424 Irish Molly, O!
- 425 Ring my mother's robe
- 426 The blackbird
- 427 Little cherry blossom
- 428 Wist, wist, wist
- 429 A violet from mother's grave
- 430 Kelly Ray
- 431 Mac's, darling, now good-bye
- 432 Kiss it, Kelly
- 433 Meeting of the waters
- 434 Wait for the turn of the tide
- 435 Old farm gate
- 436 Oh, Fred! tell them to stop
- 437 McDonald's return to Glenties
- 438 Mantle so green
- 439 Uncle Tom's lament
- 440 Mary Ann, I'll tell you ma
- 441 Old-fashioned homestead
- 442 Emma's "Home song"
- 443 Old-fashioned church on the hill
- 444 A handful of turf
- 445 Beauty of Limerick
- 446 Mrs. Brady's daughter
- 447 Mary's gone with a cove
- 448 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
- 449 In happy moments
- 450 El Jenny, ho Jenny Johnson
- 451 All on account of him
- 452 Emmet's "I know what love is"
- 453 Down in a coal mine
- 454 Drunkard's dream
- 455 Joe Bowers
- 456 There's no ship on the ocean
- 457 Put me in my little bed
- 458 Little old house on the Rhine
- 459 Stolen kisses are the sweetest
- 460 The brave hummer
- 461 Little old log cabin by the stream
- 462 Paddle your own canoe
- 463 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
- 464 Gals a'jar
- 465 Arkansaw traveler
- 466 Grant's trip around the world
- 467 Old leather breeches
- 468 Rocky road to Dublin
- 469 Turnpike gate
- 470 Little old German home ac. w the sea
- 471 Beautiful girl of Kildare
- 472 Baby's got a tooth
- 473 My poor heart is sad with its dreaming
- 474 Pallet of straw
- 475 Low-back'd car
- 476 Your ma's will be true
- 477 In de evening by de moonlight
- 478 When these old clothes were new
- 479 Up at Jones' wood
- 480 Boston burglar
- 481 The Campbell are coming
- 482 You never miss the water till the well
- 483 Bonnie Eloise (runs dry)
- 484 River Rose
- 485 Murder in Cohoes
- 486 Poor little girl
- 487 Along the Kansas line
- 488 The banjo now hangs silent on the door
- 489 Wait till the clouds roll by
- 490 Over the garden wall
- 491 I'm a man you don't meet every day
- 492 Blue Alsatian mountains
- 493 Charming young widow I met in the
- 494 Black-eyed Susan
- 495 Spanish cavalier
- 496 Grave of Bonaparte
- 497 Old dog Tray
- 498 Juanita
- 499 Moonlight on the lake
- 500 Lancel Clare
- 501 All that glitters is not gold
- 502 Marcelline hymn
- 503 God save the Queen
- 504 Rolling home in the morning
- 505 If ever I come to love
- 506 Cheer, boys, cheer
- 507 Dixie's land
- 508 Mother says I mustn't
- 509 Follow that looks like me
- 510 Watch on the Rhine
- 511 A lock of mother's hair
- 512 Stop dat knocking at the door
- 513 Virginia rosebud
- 514 Red robin
- 515 Gospel train
- 516 We won't go home till morning

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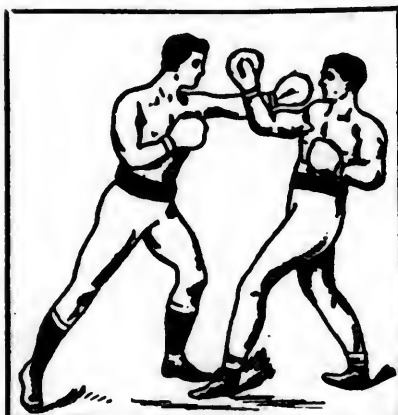
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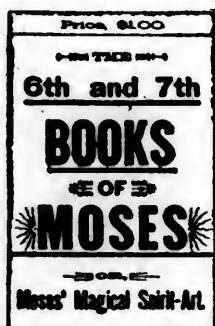
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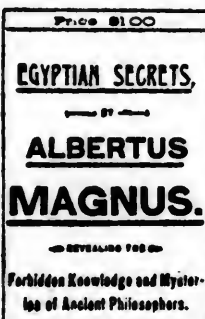
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